

go as low as 75 feet above the trenches and then dash upward at a terrific speed. This method of attack is also used against marching troops.

Came near having a bad accident today. The entrance to my office is only about five feet and eleven inches high. In entering the office this afternoon I was walking rapidly and failed to stoop sufficiently to clear the door frame, with the result that I received a very severe blow on top of the head that nearly knocked me over. I had on the heavy campaign hat that saved me from a very bad wound. My head ached some and felt sore but I did not pay much attention to it. At supper it began to hurt some and I began to feel faint and sick at my stomach. One of the officers asked me a question, but it was nearly a minute before I could answer him. I was soon all right again but felt a little faint all the evening. The ride out to camp and the excitement of getting ready to move camp helped me some to get over it.

*June 28, 1918, Friday.* Today we began our first real "war march." We started for the "front." We were up at 6 a. m. and the column left the initial point on time, 8:50 a. m. Everything went smoothly except a little tangle of transport and foot soldiers. I reached the initial point and found the road blocked. The transport of the First Battalion, failing to get in its place in the column behind the foot troops of the First Battalion, tried to pass the Second Battalion who were in behind the First Battalion. This filled up the road completely. To add to the tangle two motor ambulances came up and more completely blocked the road. I ordered the First Battalion to move forward for six minutes and then halt. Ordered the First Battalion transport to follow immediately behind the First Battalion. As they got into line they were to all hug the right hand of the road. As the transport pulled into line I had the motor ambulances follow and pass the First Battalion and at the end of six minutes the road was clear, every unit in place and we were well on our way to the front. I walked as I did not care much for my "steed." In fact, I could make better time on my feet. We marched at the rate of two and a half miles per hour and rested the last ten minutes of the hour. Our march was via Quercamp, La Wattine, Norbecourt to Inglinghem, where we bivouaced for the night. It was a beautiful day and I enjoyed the tramp through the country